



Arnold Elstrack sculpsit

Compton Holland excudit.

Those Swan-like notes, sung so infernally  
to the untimely fall, prove most exact  
Lines drawn from Life; & the swift Tragedie  
shows but time, owne Soules Prophecie in Act.  
The Name, and Vertues true; To kill the Mould  
was all, Imprisonment, and Poyson could.

But thy more-beautiful-Self, from double Gaieties  
set free (at once); Thy Body, and the Tower,  
in that Supreme, impartial Court remains,  
where nor Ambition, Envy, Lust have power;  
Redeem'd from poisonous plots, from Witches charms,  
from Westons &c. the Apothecaries darts, to thee.